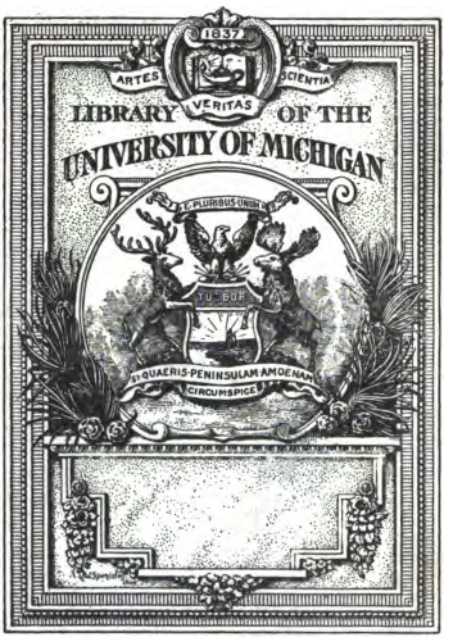
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MEPHISTOPHELES

MEPHISTOPHELES

A PROFANATION

BY

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

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1889

To
The Manes and Remains
of
Goethe

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mephistopheles: Prince of Darkness, fonder of Sweetness than of Light. In love with Marguerite. In every way the Deuce of a fellow.

Faust: Principal of the Nuremburg Academy for Young Ladies and Gentlemen. About to enter upon his second childhood. Also in love with Marguerite.

Marguerite: The village belle. In love with no one, especially Mephistopheles.

Martha: A widow, Marguerite's mother, whom nobody loves.

Valentine: Marguerite's brother, Captain of the Nuremburg Company I.

The Janitor of Hades: Vice-President of the United Kingdom of Sin.

Mephistopheles, Jr.: The Son of his Father.

Peasants, Imps, Devils and Soldiers.

ACT I.

SCENE: Interior of Dr. Faust's Academy for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, at Nuremburg. Scholars stand about in groups.

OPENING CHORUS.

Scholars:

We 're a gladsome band of Teuton youth,
All absorbed in the search for truth,
'Neath Herr Faustus' fostering care,
Pedagogue he beyond compare.
Knowing all that 's worth the knowing,
Seeds of knowledge constantly sowing,
Fruits of his work we are always showing,
Whether it be Latin, mathematics, Greek or rowing.

The Boys:

Foot-ball, tennis, base-ball batting——

The Girls:

Cooking, sewing, millinery, tatting——

The Boys:

Angling, Volapük, smoking, betting——

The Girls:

Dancing, singing and coquetting——

All:

Faustus teaches us to perfection
All that is necessary in this section.
So
We 're a gladsome band of Teuton youth,
All absorbed in the search for truth,
'Neath Herr Faustus' fostering care,
Pedagogue he beyond compare.

[*Lightning flash followed by loud peals of thunder. The scholars start back affrighted.*]

First Girl: [*Recit.*] Oh friends, what means this horrid noise?
Come, girls, let 's get behind the boys.

First Boy: [*Recit.*] I cannot solve this dreadful mystery—.
There 's nothing like it in my history.
To din like this I ne'er before have harkened,
[*Thunder.*]
And when I note the room is darkened,
My heart beats fast, my poor head whirls,

And I think the place for me is just
behind the girls.

[*Another lightning flash and thunder clap. A cloud rises through floor, in the midst of which enter Mephistopheles and Junior. The chorus groan and rush to rear. Mephistopheles and Junior make passes at them until they disappear through various means of exit.*]

Meph.: Skip, gentle creatures, avoid me while ye
may,
Ye 'll all be mine, I 've little doubt, some
day—
Except, ah me! sweet Marguerite the fair,
With naught that 's false about her save
her hair.
Possession of that soul is this heart's one
desire—
My love for her I find more ardent is than
fire.
Indeed, if I could make my fires down
below
One-half so torrid as my love for her,
I think the average sinner would be slow
Their torturing flames so often to incur.
And, by the way, I may observe just here,
If in the frigid portions of the year
You should desire to take for hire

A pleasant home, by no means dear,
Just let me know. My princely residence
I 'll gladly lease for very moderate rents.
The place is furnished with all the modern fads—
Things never dreamed of by our dads.
Folding beds, you know, a pocket writing-desk,
Weather-strips to keep out cold, and bronzes quite grotesque;
And telephones, and whirligigs to scare away the flies,
And pretty clocks that ring at dawn to warn a man to rise.
All things, indeed, that modern thought
Has put together, to make our lives
More worth the living, in this resort
A man can have as soon as he arrives.
In very truth, there 's hardly need to mention,
Things of this sort are Satan's own invention.
All of this, I say, I 'll rent to you for less
Than a goodly third of you would pay for dress.
The reduction 's made because down in that quarter

The tenant has to pay so much for water.
But stop! I must for business now prepare.
'T is time to lay my patent snare
So that sweet Marguerite I may entrap—
And for my purpose Faust is just the chap.
My scheme is this: Since I have noted
That Faust on Marguerite has also doted,
This aged pedagogue must be my tool.
To him the lovely maid doth go to school,
And so enraptured is the sage with her
That when she 's in the room his eyes scarce stir
From off her face, while she, I 'm glad to say,
Whene'er he talks of love, doth answer "Nay."
"Age," says the girl, "I hold in veneration,
But I like youth best for a good flirtation."
[*A noise is heard without.*]
Hist, Junior dear! what is that noise?
[*Walks to the door and looks out.*]
Oh pshaw, 't is nothing but the boys.
They must not hear me scheming thus,
They might betray me and create a fuss.

Ah, Mephy dear, bring hither my valise,
A thunderbolt or two I would release.
I hope you 've packed sufficient lightning,
For we 've got to do a heap of fright'ning.

[*Meph. Jr., hands him valise. He takes out a bunch of thunderbolts and a can.*]

Ah, here they are. Amid our other plunder
We 've fourteen bolts of A1 thunder,
Likewise a gross of fine selected showers
Put up in tins to last for eighteen hours.
Here, Junior, throw this bolt down stairs.
Strike only boys, be careful of the chairs.

[*Meph. Jr., hurls the thunderbolt. It goes crashing down the stairs and is followed by a shriek from the boys.*]

'T is well. They 're hurt. Now, if they come again,
Open this can and drench them well with rain—
I do n't like children, they 're proof 'gainst evil,
And I never take them down at Meville.
But, having noticed Faust's foolish passion,
I 'm going to use it in this fashion:
Marguerite's mother is a giddy creature,

With not one single redeeming feature,
Who pines for such solace in her declining days
As naught but wealthy husbands can afford—
Indeed, unless a fortune he displays,
I even think she would decline a Lord.
In short, she 'd wed one from the steerage
If he had wealth, and refuse a peerage.
To be in love with her, I shall pretend,
And seek Herr Faust's assistance to attain my end.
He will be flattered, and for his kind assistance
I 'll offer him his youth—a new existence;
Suggest that whilst I 'm eloping with the dame
He shall take fair Marguerite and do the same.
Then—glorious thought—I 'll mix the brides—
Impy, my boy, please laugh for me.
Roll on the floor and shake your sides
With the ghoulishest kind of ghoulish glee.

[*Meph. Jr., does as requested.*]

I 'd laugh myself, if I ever smiled,

But I never grin unless I 'm riled.
Martha and Faust will make a handsome pair,
And Marguerite I 'll carry to my Brocken lair.
Guarded there by imps, this maid supernal
Shall be the Queen of the Realms Infernal.

[*A step is heard without.*]

Aha, methinks my agéd friend is coming.
I hear his feet on the staircase thrumming.

[*To Meph. Jr., who is about to hurl a thunderbolt through the door:*]

Hold fast to the bolt, my boy, do 'nt hurl it;
If you do I 'll take your tail and curl it
With red-hot irons—'t is Faust that 's coming.
Ye bats and boojums now begin your humming.
Light the red lamps, ye imps below in Hades,
Turn all the calciums full upon the ladies.
'T is necessary to begin our session
By making on Faust a memorable impression.

[*The stage becomes brilliant with red lights. Trumpets blow and thunder rolls as Faust enters. Tableau of maidens with Marguerite at their head appears at rear. Mephistopheles and Junior retire. Faust stands enthralled.*]

Marguerite:

Come to me, Faustus,
  Take thou my heart,
Never again my
  Belovéd to part.
Come, take possession,
  Faust, of thy throne—
Come to me, loved one,
  Ever mine own.

Chorus:

Hail to the Monarch of Love,
  Join in our chorus of joy,
Enter the kingdom of bliss,
  Free from all earthly alloy—
    Free from annoy,
    Join in our joy.
Enter the kingdom of bliss,
Troubles and sorrows dismiss,
    Come to thy throne,
    Come to thine own,
Join in our chorus of joy.

[*Faust steps toward them. He is greeted with a mocking laugh as the stage is thrown into darkness. Light returning finds Faust alone.*]

Faust: Ye gods! what fancies fill my brain to-night.
Such beauty ne'er before hath met my sight.
It drives me almost mad to think
That at the stream of love I ne'er may drink.
I never yet have gazed on Marguerite
But that I pined for youth again—
That I might throw myself before her feet
Without a fear of her disdain.
Alas! Vain hope. Such things can never be.
In all my reading I find no recipe
For giving aged swains their youth.
Art can't rejuvenate a hair or tooth;
I 'm gray, and gray must e'er remain.
My back I can't renew, my knees I 'll ne'er regain.
No potion known to man can take the wrinkles from my pate,
And no concoction can be made to liven up my gait.

Heigho! The air, methinks, is thick with vapors;
The humid wave, I judge, from items in the papers.

[*He sniffs.*]

A strange and gruesome streak of brimstone, too;
And over in the corner the atmosphere is blue,
I 'd like to know what silly, sinful trick
Those boys have put up now. They make me sick
With all their mischief and confounded fun—
For which there 's nothing worse than boys beneath the sun.
Whene'er at recess they 're let loose
And I go out, they raise the deuce.

[*Mephistopheles and Mephistopheles Jr., materialize in the corner.*]

Meph.: What 's that you say? My name you spoke.

Faust: [*Starting up.*] Great Scott! What do I see, the Devil or a joke?
If it 's a joke, I relish not the fun;
If it 's the Devil, 't is time for me to run.

Tell me, thou spirit in solferino dressed,
Art thou Devil or art thou but a jest?
For be thou Devil, and I 'll molest thee not,
But be thou hoax, I 'll send thee straight to pot—
And scorn the truth, Sir, I advise,
For Satan being the Prince of Lies,
If thou should'st claim to be no hoax
I 'd know at once thy ancestors were jokes.

Meph.: Peace, thou babbler. I ne'er had crossed thy portal
Had I supposed thee so garrulous a mortal.
I 'll tell the truth, to show the Dunce
That e'en the Devil can be truthful once.
I am no joke, nor am I mortal clay.
Mephistopheles I am.

Faust: The deuce you say?

Meph.: Just so. By vulgar folks I 'm called the Deuce,
But when I lay my hands on such they cry a truce,
And address me by my proper name—
Mephistopheles that is. Please note the same.

Except on provocation, I 'm rarely cruel,
But those who call me Deuce, I use for fuel.

Faust: I catch your meaning, Sir, and note your natural desire;
I 'll do my best, my lord, t' avoid your fire.

DUET.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

Meph.:

My excellent friend, Dr. Faust.

Faust:

Dearest and best King of Sin.

Meph.: [*Aside.*]

He has n't an idea he 'll be choused.

Faust: [*Aside.*]

I wonder who the Devil let him in?

Meph.:

I 'm aware, dear Sir, 't is very late
For making calls upon a proctor.

Faust:

Oh, not at all, it is the fate
That always followeth the doctor.

Meph.:

I knew, however, you 'd excuse
My coming, when you heard my mission.

Faust:

Oh come, dear Sir, whene'er you choose,
And do not wait for my permission.

Meph.:

My excellent friend, Dr. Faust!

Faust:

Exalted and great Lord of Sin!

Meph.: [*Aside.*]

O me! This really makes me grin.

Faust: [*Aside.*]

I wonder who the Devil let him in?

Meph.: Indeed, I 'm touched, Herr Faust, by this reception.
[*Aside.*] I 'll make him sizzle for his deception.

Faust: I 've always wished to meet Gehenna's king.
[*Aside.*] I do believe I 've got him on a string.
The Devil, after all, is not so smart,
But, just the same, I wish he would depart.
He scents his clothes with sulphurate of zinc—
Not quite so sweet as Jockey Club, I think—

Indeed, if this is Hades' usual smell,
I 'll do my best to keep away from ——
[*Whistles.*]

Meph.: I believe you said?

Faust: The honor of your presence
Hath filled my soul with phosphorescence.

Meph.: [*Aside.*] If he keeps on much longer thus
I 'll make his phosphorescence sulphurous.

Faust: To what, my friend, may I attribute this
Most sudden, strange and unexpected bliss?
Dost wish some blocks of good intention
To pave thy streets? If so, please mention
The size you wish, for in my school
All good intent is measured off by rule.

Meph.: I pave no more with resolutions good—
They can't stand fire as well as wood.
Something more lasting I 've used of late,
I found the traffic grown so great.
My streets with patent pave are covered o'er—
A concrete 't is of poisoned pins galore,
Needles and razors heated white,
Points and edges up and polished bright.

I find my subjects ne'er abuse it—
In fact, unless they're forced, they never use it.
'T is not for public works, but private ones, I come.

Faust: [*Offering Mephistopheles a chair.*] Indeed? Sit down. Pray make yourself at home.

Meph.: Thanks. I'll do as much for you some day.

Faust: [*Aside.*] I guess you won't, if I have aught to say.

Meph.: [*Sitting down.*] Well, let's to business.
It's growing late,
And I've an appointment at half-past eight.
My ship is due with a dandy load
Of infidels consigned to my abode.

Faust: I'm ready, quite, to hear your plan.
What the Deuce can the Devil desire from man?

Meph.: This much. I've watched you from the moment when
Your infant yell proclaimed you one of men.
A latent something in you made me pine
To make your soul forever mine—
To add to my unique collection,

Which needs but this to reach perfection,
To give it me, you 've surely no objection,
For you 've often said—in public, too—
You believed in no thing hid from view:
That the mere idea of a hot hereafter
Filled you up to the neck with immoderate laughter.

Faust: 'T is true enough. I have at times pooh-poohed
At Saints and Devils in a manner rude—
But that was before I 'd met you, you see.
If you come from Hades, why Hades must be.

Meph.: Now, do n't interrupt me. Stick to your belief.
You 've scoffed at Hades and ridiculed its Chief.
That I do n't mind. Such talk is all the fashion,
And it takes more than that to put me in a passion.
But if you were sincere in your words 'bout the future,
I 've a scheme to propose that can't fail to suit you.
Sell me your soul. I 'm so anxious to buy
I 'll pay any price—no matter how high.

There 's nothing of risk, from your own point of view—
And perhaps, after all, your notions are true.

Faust: But why do you wish my soul, I 'd hear?

Meph.: My dearest Doctor, I 'll try to make that clear.
I need your soul to back me in a scheme
To realize a blissful lifelong dream.
I love a lady, and fain would wed—
I need a mistress at Hades' head.
I can't control the imps, and when I 'm called away
They raise the very dickens all the day.
Last time I went from home they loosed the dragons,
And drank the vitriol from the sinners' flagons;
They let the fires go down, and spilled the boiling lead
Over my roulette table, and ruffled up my bed.
I can't stand that, so have come up here
To woo and win the one I hold most dear.

Faust: I fail to see, my friend, how I can aid you
I fear your visit, Sir, has ill repaid you.

Meph.: You know the dame. I'd have you introduce me.

Faust: Introduce the Devil! Pray excuse me.
If you are the being you are said to be
Go in and win—you do n't need me.

Meph.: 'T is plain you do not know me, sir.
In love, dear Faust, I 'm timid as a fawn.
Mephisto 's as soft as a kitten's purr
When he gets to the point where his heart is gone.
You may think me guilty of a dreadful whopper,
But the Devil in love is eminently proper.

Faust: [*Aside.*] Perhaps, if I aid Mephisto in this,
He 'll be friendly to me. [*Aloud.*] Who is the Miss?

Meph.: She is a widow.

Faust: And where 's her husband, pray?
Down there with you?

Meph.: [*Nodding affirmatively.*] He 'd like to get away.
I 'll see to that, my boy. He won't interfere;
I 'll have him translated to another sphere.

Faust: And, may I inquire, what is the lady's name?

Meph.: It slips my mind, but I 've a photo of the dame.
Junior, the photo of my heart's best joy.

[*Meph. Jr. hands him the photograph.*]

Thanks. Mr. Faust, this is my boy.
He 's quite a lad. Unlike most great men's sons,
He keeps his mouth shut and has no duns.

Faust: Studying for the ministry, I suppose?

Meph.: He might do worse, sir, goodness knows.
But there 's her phiz.

Faust: [*In surprise.*] What! Martha?

Meph.: Yes,
That is the name.

Faust: Well, I must confess,
This overwhelms and staggers me,
I 'd no idea your love was she.

[*He reflects.*]

No, no, Mephisto! My soul I 'll hold.
Your scheme I would not aid for gold.
Conspire to hand *her* mother o'er to you?
The Devil *her* dad? 'T would never do.
I scorn your horrid plan, my lord.

Meph.: [*Insinuatingly.*] Not if Marguerite were your reward?

Faust: Ye gods! what dread temptation this:
To swap the Mrs. for the Miss!
I cannot do it. She 'd never take me,
Unless the Fates entirely remake me.
She venerates my hairs of gray,
Reveres my age, respects my way—
But for her spouse, a younger man she 'd choose,
And crabbed age like this forever would refuse.

Meph.: I 'll give thee youth and beauty, too.
At twenty-one I 'll place thee, and see thee through.
I 'll make thee so, that should ye meet to-night,
She 'll love the ground thou walkest on, at sight.

Faust: Go, thou tempter. Leave me, I implore,
Lest I assent to plans that I abhor.
[*Mephistopheles steps to rear and turns.*]

Meph.: I go, thou foolish sage, if so thou say'st,
Refusing to accede to my request.
But ere I go, I 'd say, that ne'er again
Wilt have the chance fair Marguerite to win.
Let the word be yes, she 's forever thine;
Let the word be no—perhaps she 's mine

[*Turns to go. Faust covers his face with his hands. Chorus at rear sing: Join in Our Chorus of Joy, etc. Mephistopheles watches Faust during singing. At conclusion of chorus, Faust springs to his feet.*]

Faust: Come back, come back! I yield to thy desires.
Thou hast aroused within me fires
I can't subdue. I 'll aid thee in thy scheme,
And thou shalt have my soul.

Meph.: [*Aside.*] My dream
Is realized.

Faust: [*Reflectively.*] But say, my lord,
To lose my soul just now I can't afford;
A soulless man the maid would scorn, you see—
Can't I hold my spook as a sort of trustee?

Meph.: H'm! Let us see. I had n't thought of that.
The truth of what you say, there 's no denying.
To be without a soul would knock you flat—
Which certainly 'd be somewhat trying.
I suppose a note payable on demand would do—

Though I despise a note—do n't you?
'T is quite a nuisance to have it down below,
For paper burns so easily, you know.

Faust: 'T is true it burns. [*Reflects.*] Ah! I have here
Some poems of my early youth,
Writ on one side. They 're somewhat sere,

[*Rummages in drawer and hands Mephistopheles a bundle of papers.*]

But I can't but think them fireproof,
Because had they been otherwise, you know,
They 'd have been burnt long years ago.

Meph.: Let 's see the lines. [*Reads.*] "To Mary Jane:
"Oh, dearest love, by no means plain,
"Why trifle with thy lover true,
"Who thinks of nothing else but you
"When shines the sun or pours the rain?"

[*Whistles.*]

Illustrious Byron, man, you 're right;
Were these not proof against all flame,
They 'd certainly 've been burned on sight,
But *I* can use them just the same.

Faust: All right, my boy, draw the note up,
And when 't is done, we 'll go and sup.
Here is the ink and there 's a quill.

Meph.: Ah, thanks. I do n't use ink.

Faust: Use what you will,
I do n't care what. Please expedite it—
Draw up to the table here and write it.

Meph.: I never use a quill to write, mine host,
A red-hot spike is what I 'm using most—
But for my notes such as this one is to be,
A poisoned dagger 's the only thing for me.
Impy, my dagger.
[*Meph. Jr. hands him his dagger.*]
Now, Faust, bare your arm.

Faust: [*Aside.*] Great heavens, he fills me with alarm.
What in the name of goodness is he going to do?

Meph.: [*Impatiently.*] Bare your arm, I say; and hurry, too.
[*Faust bares his arm.*]

Faust: Well, there. It 's bared. I 've taken off the dud.

Meph.: [*Stabbing Faust's arm with dagger.*] Thanks; very good. I always write with blood.

Faust: Owch! You hurt, Sir! Mephistopheles!
Ow! Let up! Quit, I say. Oh, please!
Heavens, how weak I am. Say, are n't
you through?

Meph.: [*Writing.*] Your blood, Doctor Faust,
is a trifle too blue.
I 'm afraid perhaps the ink may fade,
And if it does, the note may not be paid.
Oh, well, I 'll have to take my chances,
And risk, I truly think, one's joy enhances.

[*Stabs Faust's arm again and writes:*]

"For value received, I promise, on demand,
"To pay to Satan, witness my hand,
"One soul with interest from date
"At the usual per cent. provided by the
state."

Faust: How can I pay interest on such a debt?

Meph.: Easily enough. Get others in your net.
Drag them all down. Ruin all you see,
And send their souls on quarter day to
me.
Dost like the form?

Faust: Without the interest, yes.
The interest clause doth rub me, I confess.

Meph.: Well, what will you do; sign or lose the maid?

Faust: I 'll have to sign the paper, I 'm afraid.
Give me the pen. [*Stabs Mephistopheles' arm.*] I use blood, too.
It 's pretty thin gore one gets from you.
[*He signs.*]
The deed is done. Now for my prize.
Make me acceptable to my dear one's eyes.

Meph.: I will, indeed. Impy, my bag.
I 'll set you right within an hour.
I 've a potion here 't would change a hag
Into a maid as beauteous as a flower.
[*Opens valise and mixes a potion.*]
Drink you this. 'T will send you straight to sleep,
And while you dream, within your frame shall creep
Youth, vigorous and strong. Beauty unsurpassed—
By pains of age no more wilt be harassed.

Faust: [*Tasting potion.*] Bah! 'T is worse than ginger ale
That 's sat within the sun—'t is stale,
Flat, and unprofitable as Hamlet said.

Meph.: Bosh, take it down if thou wouldst wed.

[*Faust drains the cup and staggers backward into his chair.*]

Faust: What blissful feeling o'er me creeps!

Meph.: So far, so good. The dotard sleeps.
My razor, boy. A beard so heavy as this one here
'T would take the potion at least a year
Unaided to remove. Ye imps who down in Hades lurk,
Begin! Turn off the gas. In darkness work.

[*The stage is darkened.*]

Come vigor to this prostrate form,
Course through his veins, ye blood that 's warm,
Bring him a pair of bran new knees,
A new backbone and a face to please.
Mix with the vigor a bit of spunk,
With a dash of the ancient chivalrous monk.
Grant him, ye Fates, a beauteous smile,
A good set of teeth and a taking style.
Dress the man up like the fop of the day,
And all that is ancient and bad in him, slay.
My lantern, boy. How does the young man look?

[*He inspects Faust carefully.*]
'T is well. He 'll never be mistook
For Faust, the agéd pedagogue,
More than the tadpole for the perfect frog.
Herr Faust, awake! The deed is done,
Thy youth is here once more. Begin thy fun.
Come, Junior dear. We must away,
For down in Hades, 't is almost day.

[*Exeunt. Stage lights up. Faust appears as a young man, still sleeping.*]

Faust: [*Waking.*] Ah, me. How dull my head doth seem,
The effect, perhaps, of the strangest dream
I ever had. I thought that Satan came to me
And of the bonds of age did set me free.
And Marguerite was mine—I reached the goal
At the slight expense of a well-worn soul.
What could have been the cause, I wonder,
Of a dream so filled with Satan, imps and thunder?
My lunch was simple. A little bit of wurst,

A bite of lobster, and milk to quench my thirst.

[*Clock strikes two.*]

But stay! 'T is sounding two without;
I 've overslept myself, beyond a doubt.
The scholars must be having fun,
School should assemble sharp at one.
I 'll ring the bell and summon them to come.

[*Rings.*]

My, how light I feel. Tum-tiddy-tum.

[*Dances.*]

'T is forty years since last I danced,
By this sensation I 'm much entranced.

[*Scholars enter, and Faust mounts the platform and again rings the bell.*]

To order, children. Gretchen, take your seat.

[*Enter Marguerite.*]

Marg.: Who is that, pray? My ain't he sweet!

Faust: No talking, ladies. Hans Wagner, stop your noise.
Gretchen, if you 're not quiet, I 'll seat you with the boys.

[*Scholars laugh and jeer.*]

Faust: [*Angrily.*] Order, I say. Scholars, do n't you hear?

Stop that snickering in the class.

Marg.: Your authority, sir, does not appear—
For Doctor Faust you 'll never pass.

Faust: But I am the Doctor. Down goes a mark
Against Miss Marguerite.

Marg.: My! what a lark,
He says he 's Faust, tho' barely twenty-one!

Faust: [*Aside.*] What can she mean? Whence cometh all the fun?
By my beard, I swear ——

[*Attempts to grasp his beard, and finds it missing.*]

Great heavens, where 's it gone?
My face, the while I slept, must have been shorn.

[*An idea seems to strike him.*]

Perhaps it was no dream I had while there?

[*Runs to mirror and looks at himself.*]

My cheeks are ruddy and I've raven hair—
I dance, tum-tiddy-tum—and also sing,
Though sixty years ago I lost my voice.
I'm dressed in handsome garb, my ring
And other jewels seem really choice.

No dream it was! Hurrah, hurrah for me,
I've got my youth again, prepared for any spree.
[*Aloud.*] All right my boys. I abdicate.
Burn all your books, smash up the slate—
I 'm ready now to plunge into the joy
Of worldly things without Old Time's alloy.
With Marguerite the fair to lead the way,
Let's pipe our merry roundelay.

[*Grasps Marguerite by the hand.*]

CHORUS AND DANCE.

Girls:

Hurrah, hurrah for our gay young friend,
Handsome as the god Apollo.
May it be our aim and end
Such an one fore'er to follow,
All the belles to this one bending,
With his beauty so transcending,
Beaux and brothers studying his grace
Thus their awkwardness may efface.

The Boys:

We won't hurrah for your gay young friend,
Dudish as the old Apollo.

Where will this scheme ever end,
  If such an one we fellows follow?
Foolish belles to him are bending,
In a manner most heart-rending.
Beaux and brothers studying his face,
Fail to see therein much grace.

[*Curtain*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Street in Nuremburg. Church at R. House at L. Inn at rear L. Street at rear R.

[*Enter Marguerite, rear R. Nuremburgers are seen drinking at tables in front of the Inn.*]

SONG.

Marguerite:

I 'm moved by the strangest sensation
  That ever hath moved my soul,
A sense of supreme exaltation
  My heart doth seem to control.
I know not just what I should term it;
  It reminds me most thoroughly of
That passion, denied to the Hermit,
  But known to all others as love.
Can it be I 've succumbed unto Cupid?
  Been pierced by his amorous dart?

Who 've always considered love stupid,
And bade him forever to depart?
How else then account for my blushes,
How else for that feeling of joy
That over my being now rushes,
And all of my senses doth cloy?
I fear that, indeed, the young creature
In secret hath burgled my heart,
And I 'd mention this curious feature—
I 'd really not have him depart.

[*Enter Mephistopheles and Faust at Rear R. Marguerite sits down to knit on the church steps.*]

Meph.: Ah! Found at last! Faust, go you to her,
Now is your chance. Begin to woo her.
I 'll wait for you my boy at yonder inn.
She loves you even now. Go in and win.

[*Faust approaches Marguerite. She pretends not to notice him.*]

Meph.: Ye gods! I 'm glad to have him leave me for a time,
He fills my soul with ennui. He do n't like crime,
And what is worse, the youngster has no spunk.
And pious! My! He 'd give points to a monk.

[*Faust coughs. Marguerite turns away.*]
Egad! If I 'd supposed he 'd turn out such a prig,
I 'd not have changed the color of his wig,
But left him as he was, in ologies and isms—
Devoted to the orthodox, and scared to death by schisms.

Faust: [*Summoning up his courage.*] Ah, Miss I 've searched for you all day.

Marg.: Indeed? For me? Why should you, pray?
Since Doctor Faust sold out I 've left your school;
I really do not think you old enough to rule.
I loved the good old Doctor much more than I can tell;
I do n't like you one-millionth part as well.

Faust: But I say, see here, this will never do,
I bought the school and name because of you?

Meph.: [*Aside.*] He 's wooing blithely for me now.
It makes me jealous to see him do it.
But when I get him there [*Points below.*] I will allow

It will be he, and not myself, 't will rue it.

Marg.: Bought the school and name because of me?
Oh, dear. You make me laugh. I fail to see
What title Dr. Faust could have delivered.

Faust: [*Aside.*] I fear our little game is sadly shivered.

Meph.: She smiles upon him! For every smile he 'll get
A hundred lashes when I have him there.
[*Points below.*]
For every time she calls him "pet"
I 'll roast him through! Ah, Faust, beware.

Marg.: Herr Faust, young man, had not a bit
Of ownership in me he could transmit.
So if you bought because of me,
You have been swindled—awfully.
You might have seen, had you but eyes,
For no sort of package would I be prize.

[*She rises and exit rear R. Faust, in despair, turns to Mephistopheles.*]

Faust: I say, old man, there 's been a big mistake.
Let 's end the compact, the quest forsake.

She said she liked old Faust much more than me,
So change me back.

Meph.: She did but jest with thee.
Follow after her and breathe soft words
Into her ear, about weather, then of birds,
Then of Nature's beauty—then of her,
Then of yourself, until her heart shall stir.
She loves you, but—she 'll ne'er propose to you.
That part of the business you must do.

Faust: But, Satan dear, she crushed me every time I spoke.
It 's fun, no doubt, for you, but I do n't like the joke.

Meph.: Oh, pshaw! Do n't get so blue. Remember
When first they 're courted, maids seem December,
But if you will persist, you 'll find that by and by
They 're often May, sometimes June, but oftener July.
If Marguerite doth crush you, do n't sit and sigh for pain,
But pay the debt with interest and crush back again.

Faust: Boldness is, perhaps, the part for me to play.

Meph.: Precisely so. You 're getting sense. Now haste away.

[*Exit Faust.*

Meph.: The man 's so faint of heart, I fear
Our scheme will fail. 'T is very queer
How shy some people are. Why, years ago,
Before I fell and went to live below,
At fifteen years of age I 'd won the hearts
Of maids in every sphere that 's on the charts.
The first, a little blonde, lived up in Mars,
The prettiest girl, I think, in all the stars.
And then I loved a maid who lived in Venus,
And would have wed her, but another came between us.
That other was a dark-eyed girl from Saturn,
She suited me, whilst I was just her pattern;
We two eloped, and dwelt ten centuries together,
When she got in society—that broke the tether.

We were divorced, and she returned to Saturn—
And then left home to settle at Manhattan.
She still is lovely. I saw her there last Sunday.
She 's famous, too—you know her—Mrs. Grundy.

[*Trumpets without.*]

Great Heavens! here 's the army coming back—
This complicates affairs. This Valentine, alack!
Must circumvented be.

[*Enter Marguerite and Faust.*]

Faust: One word, I pray.
I ask but courtesy from you to-day.
Permit me, Marguerite, at least to call?

Marg.: Why, certainly. If that is really all
You had to say, you might have said it sooner.
To-night, mamma and I 'll be glad to have you come.

Faust: And may we walk with no one by but Luna?

Marg.: [*Smiling.*] You may if when I bid you you 'll be dumb.

Meph.: [*Tugging Faust's cloak.*] Get me a bid for this reception, too.
Ask her if your friend may come with you.

Faust: [*Angrily.*] The Deuce!

Meph.: [*Menacingly.*] If thou dost not I 'll call the note.

Faust: Oh, well, I will. Stop tugging on my coat.
Miss Marguerite, I 'd like to bring a friend;
He knew your father well while in Vienna,
Was with him when he met his end,
And boarded with him later in Gehen—that is, Siena.

Marg.: Why, certainly. [*Sees Mephistopheles.*] Is that he there?
All dressed in red from foot to hair?
He makes my blood run cold whene'er I see him.

Faust: Let him call on "Ma" then, you and I can flee him.

[*Faust signals to Mephistopheles that all is right. Mephistopheles dances with joy as soft music is heard without, and the populace of Nuremburg enter cheering.*]

Marg.: [*Running to rear R.*] But here are the boys returning from the war,

With banners floating in the wind. Hurrah!
And dear Valentine at their head, I spy.
You know Val.'s Captain of Company I.
[*Faust joins her and looks down the road.*]

Meph.: Confound the luck. I wish I'd thought of Val. before.
I'd have left him on the field all steeped in gore.
I greatly fear that Vally's just the man
To put a small quietus on our plan.

[*Populace cheer. Enter Company I. with Valentine at their head. Martha rushes in and throws her arms about him, as soldiers sing.*]

CHORUS.

Company I.:

Back to the home of our joyous youth,
Back from the glorious fight for truth,
Our deeds are writ in letters of flame
Afar o'er the sea,
And the land of the free
Is spreading our glorious name.
Our heads we carry high,
Glad the trumpets sound
When marches Company I.
Upon the battle ground.

Never a coward here,
Never a single one
To tremble with fear
When the foe draws near,
Or to run.
Back to the home of our joyous youth,
Back from the glorious fight for truth,
In letters of fire our glory is writ
On history's pages,
Where men of all ages
May read of it.

SCENE II. Country Road near Nuremburg.

[*Enter Marguerite.*]

Marg.: [*With a sigh.*] Ah, me! I fear I'm very much in love.
My heart is fluttering like a turtle dove—
If turtle doves are known to flutter.
That Mr. Faust is just too utter.

[*Exit. Enter Faust.*

Faust: I thought I saw her walking here.
I think that Satan's right! The dear
Doth love me with a doting heart,
And it's safe to wager I'll do my part.

[*Espies Marguerite in distance. Exit after her. Enter Martha.*]

Martha: It seemed to me, I saw my daughter trip
Along the road, a-followed by a snip
Of a modern lad; this thing 'll never do.
I 'll have to keep an eye on her, so—excuse the French—Adoo.

[*Exit. Enter Mephistopheles with jewel-casket in his hand.*]

Meph.: Ah! There she trots. Great Scott! I 'm out of breath.
This miserable business will be my death.
I 'd like to meet the lady before this eve,
When she and Marguerite are to receive.
'T were well to rouse her kindly interest,
And with these jewels for assistance,

[*Takes belt and necklace of jewels from casket.*]

By sceptics e'en 't would be at once confessed
She 's like to offer slight resistance.

[*Puts belt around his waist. Fills fingers with rings and places necklace about his shoulders and struts off after Martha. Enter Valentine and Company I., single file.*]

Valentine: Company, halt! Shoulder arms! 'T is queer,
I thought I saw the Devil coming here,
And, what was worst of all, by far,
I thought the villain did pursue my Ma.
Carry arms. Now, I submit that it were best
For me, at once his horrid schemes t' arrest—
Present arms—and seek at once the Devil out,
And ask the fellow just what he 's about.
Carry arms. Conclusions with the man I 'd try,
Particularly as I 'm backed by Company I.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

'T is hard, returning from the fray,
To find we still have got to fight—
That, while we 've been far, far away
A-putting alien foes to flight,
Old Satan has been on the scene,
A-working plans quite unforeseen,
Against my unsuspecting Ma.
More fearful far,
Such foemen are.
But with my gallant Company,

I 'll fight the foe, who e'er he be,
And Satan e'en I soon will circumvent,
And put to flight his sinful majesty.

I thought I 'd have a rest from war
When home to Nuremburg I 'd come.
To take up practice of the law,
And make the silent townlet hum,
My one ambition was; and now
To plunge right in another row,
By much more aggravating is
Than bullets' whiz,
Close by one 's phiz,
But with my gallant Company,
I 'll fight the foe, who e'er he be,
And Satan e'en I soon will put to flight,
And circumvent his sinful majesty.

And so my boys, please carry arms,
Present the same, likewise I pray,
Prepared be all for Satan's charms.
Right about, face, and let 's away,
This instant march against the foe,
Nor back return, till lying low,
The foeman bites the very dust,
His clothing mussed,
His power bust.

•

For, with my gallant Company,
We 'll meet the foe, where'er he be,
And Mephistopheles we 'll circumvent,
And put to flight his sinful majesty.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Garden about Martha's house. House at L. Entrance to garden at R. Tree with settee encircling its trunk. Enter Martha at L.

SOLO.

Martha:

While walking to-day in the Nuremburg Mart,
I met a young fellow in red, sir,
Who straightway set beating my fluttering heart,
Completely a-turning my head, sir.
Most taking his style,
With a ravishing smile,
And a glance that was truly entrancing,
His eye was as clear
As the blue atmosphere,
And a gait that was little but dancing.
Ah, me! Oh, my!
Heigho, I sigh.
If Nuremburg men
Were like him, O then,
I think I might marry again.

He wore 'bout his shoulders the fairest of gems,
His waist was encircled with rubies,
His garment was broidered with daintiest hems,
Ne'er seen on our Nuremburg boobies.
His cap on one side,
With two feathers astride,
An air of great jauntiness gave him—
Ah, should he propose,
Why I, Heaven knows,
Would ne'er have the courage to waive him.
Ah, me! Oh, my!
Heigho, I sigh.
If Nuremburg men
Were like him, O then,
I 'm sure I would marry again.

Martha: Ah, me! I wonder who he could have been?
The finest I have ever seen of men.
And jewels, too, in fabulous amount—
Ten thousand thalers' worth, and no discount.
The man without the jewels would have done,
But with them, he doth simply stun.
I 'll have to seek him out and learn his name,
'T will never do to lose such splendid game.

For Marguerite, however, I must look out,
For should she first be seen by him,
There 's hardly room for aught of doubt,
My chance of winning would be slim.
I fear that to a widowed Ma
A handsome daughter 's caviare.
I 'll hie me to her now and state
She 'd better go to-morrow on vacation.
I hope it is n't now too late.
But here she comes, immersed in meditation.

[*Enter Marguerite.*]

My daughter, why so deep in thought?
I fear you 're studying harder than you ought.

Marg.: No, mother, not at all. Indeed,
I think to school again I should proceed.
What boots it that my teacher 's young?
He 'll soon outgrow it.

Martha: Perhaps he may.
But I can 't have you here among
The students gay, of Faust's academy.
I think 't were best that thou shouldst go
To Heidelberg for a year or so.
A change of air I deem the best for thee,

For that of Nuremburg don't seem to agree——

Marg.: [*Interrupting.*] Why, Mother, wouldst thou send me hence?
Remember, Mother, dear, the great expense?

Martha: No words, my dear. You go to-morrow.
[*Exit into the house.*

Marg.: Oh, I could weep, my heart's so full of sorrow.
To Heidelberg, alas! and leave dear Faust behind?
I'll do it not. I'll seek Mamma, and speak my mind.

[*Exit into house. Enter Faust and Mephistopheles by gate.*]

Meph.: [*Glancing about him.*] A pretty nest, Herr Faust. N'est ce pas?

Faust: Too pretty for such hawks as we two are.
I wonder where the ladies went,
I heard their voices as we stood without.

Meph.: A woman's voice is always evident,
There's truth in what you say, beyond a doubt.
I've often thought, indeed, a woman's soul to be,

A disembodied voice, which, when it 's free,
Hath lived its time on earth and borne its ills,
Receives as its reward, a place among the hills,
Where, as an echo, forever more 't is heard,
And, mark you, Faust, doth ever have the final word.

Faust: Oh, Cynic, hush. Go ring the bell,
And have our names sent up.
[*Mephistopheles rings.*

Meph.: [*Aside.*] Thy knell,
Fair maid.

Martha: [*Appearing at window.*] Why, there 's my carmine friend—
What can he want? I 'll have to send
My daughter off at once, to spend the night
With Gretchen, o'er the way.

Faust: What horrid fright
Was that within the window, eh?

Meph.: My bride that is to be.

Faust: Well, I must say,
Your taste is hardly what I 'd suppose
It would be, considering your age.

Meph.: To account for tastes, the saying goes
There is no way—so said the sage.
Beauty, my friend, in the eye of the beholder is,
And ne'er before were eyes like mine, I wis,
For, if I but choose to see him so,
The beggar doth take on the robes of Kings,
And Kings become a spectacle of woe,
And not one shred of greatness clings
To them, do I but wish to see them thus.

Faust: A most convenient eye, though dangerous,
To see things as they cannot be.

Meph.: [*Angrily.*] Enough, mine Herr. It suiteth me,
Take care 't is not too much for thee.

[*Enter Martha.*]

Faust: Ah, Madame. I have called to see
Why Marguerite hath left her classes:
This gentleman, who 's here with me,
Doth help instruct the lads and lasses.
Permit me, Madame, if you please,
To introduce Herr Mephistopheles.

Meph.: The happiest moment, Madame, of my days.

Martha: [*Aside.*] What jolly luck. He 's lovely ways.
I 'm pleased to meet you, but I much regret
That Marguerite 's not come home yet
From a little visit she went to pay
To an old-time friend across the way.

Meph.: [*Aside.*] The hag doth lie, for through the clap-boards there
I see the maid a-weeping in her chair.

Faust: [*To Mephistopheles.*] What 's got into the dame, I wonder?
This tears our little scheme asunder.

Martha: [*Aside.*] I 've got her locked up safe and sound,
She 'll not get out 'til I have him bound,
For men like him are very much too rare,
And I believe in love, all means are fair.

Faust: I 'm very sorry that Marguerite 's away.

Martha: Yes. So am I. Perhaps some other day
You 'll call again and find her in.

Meph.: [*Aside.*] She 's just the wife for the King of Sin,
If he would have her. [*Aloud.*] I see you 're fond of flowers?

Martha: Indeed, I dote upon them, passing hours
Right here within my little yard,

Carrying water to them day by day,
Watching them grow and keeping guard,
Lest they be harmed, or stol'n away.

Meph.: [*Aside.*] Oh, thou sweet and simple-minded thing.
[*Aloud.*] A life, dear madame, to be envied by a king.
Simplicity and grace and beauty—all are here.

Martha: Oh, sir! You sadly flatter me, I fear.

Meph.: And yonder, I suppose, a sylvan walk
[*Sentimentally.*] For birds to coo within, or lover's talk?

Martha: [*Aside.*] A hint like that I must not overlook.

Meph.: [*Whispering to Faust.*] Stay you right here and read your book.
She'll soon invite us to look about the place.
Stay you behind, 'T will win for you the race,
For Marguerite's within and bides your call.
Make the best of your chance. 'T is now or not at all.

Martha: If you would like to stroll within the wood——

Meph.: [*Ardently.*] Indeed, dear madame, you are *so* good.
Wilt go, Herr Faust, or wilt remain behind?

Faust: I think to rest I feel much more inclined.
If madame will excuse, I 'll stay right here.
I 'm much too weary for a stroll.

Martha: [*Aside.*] To thus offend he need not fear,
I 'd rather have him stay.

Meph.: Upon my soul,
Young man, your 're lazier far than I.
I vote for strolling in the woods hard by.
Come, Madame, let us leave the youth
To sit behind and rest—'t is best forsooth.
[*Exeunt, arm in arm.*

Faust: [*Starting up.*] Marguerite within? [*Shakes his fist at Martha.*] That lying jade.
She 's Satan's equal, I 'm much afraid,
In her most great and proved capacity
For worship of the God of Unveracity.
But Marguerite! I 'll see the maid instanter.
I 'll stand beneath her lattice and a song of love I 'll chant her.

SERENADE.

Faust:

I stand 'neath thy leafy lattice,
  My feet on the cold wet grass—
On the wall hard by the cat is,
  A-warbling to his lass.
His love for her 's no greater
  Than my love is for thee,
And sooner, sweet, or later
  His bride she 'll surely be.
Now canst thou be more cruel
  Than yonder beauteous cat?
If so, lean o'er thy newel
  And whisper gently "scat!"
But if, like her, thou hearest
  My words of love with glee,
Come to thy lattice, dearest,
  And smile once more on me.

[*Marguerite appears at the window.*]

Oh, darling, I stand 'mongst the flowers
  And list to the Katydids cry
Their love for each other by hours—
  Alone in the garden am I.
The Katharine bug has n't a quarter
  The love for his Katydid bride

That I have conceived for the daughter
  Of Martha, a-flirting outside:
But if you 've decided to jilt me,
  As Katydids never have done,
Please come to the window and wilt me—
  A weed in the light of the sun.
Or, if you 've decided to love me,
  Succumbing to pretty Cupid,
Appear at the lattice above me
  And cry "Katydid!"

Marg.: It *was* his voice I heard just now.
Faust: There 's some one there, sweet Marguerite, is 't thou?
Marg.: 'T is I, my gentle Faust. I heard thy voice,
And at its sound my heart did straight rejoice.
Faust: Come down, my love.
Marg.: Alas! I cannot do it.
My chamber door is locked. I can 't get through it.
Faust: Then I 'll release thee.
Marg.: The key is in the door.
Come up two flights. I 'm on the second floor.

[*Exit Faust to house. Marguerite recedes from the window. Enter Mephistopheles and Martha.*]

Meph.: [*Looking for Faust. Aside.*] Good. He has gone. The scheme doth work.
The agéd one 's a very Turk,
However, I shall woo her just the same,
So long as some one else doth win the game.

Martha: Heigho, dear sir, I feel as though
I 'd always known you. Do n't you know
How sometimes one doth meet a fellow man
Who seems to be, I might say, an affinity?

Meph.: Oh, yes, indeed. 'T is part of nature's plan.
In you, I seem t' have met divinity.

Martha: Oh, dear! How can you speak such words—
Such honeyed words—so sweet?
To one who 's but her weeds and thirds,
Unmeaning speech is indiscreet.

Meph.: My words are not unmeaning, Ma-am,
They 're full of import, for I am—
[*Hesitates.*] How shall I say it? How best tell
The love that in my heart doth dwell?

Martha: [*Ecstatically.*] Love?

Meph.: Aye! Love for thee doth fill my soul.
A love surpassing all control.

[*Aside.*] I 'm doing well. If she were but more youthful,
My words would be a bit more truthful.

Martha: [*Aside.*] He loves me! Joy! The jewels will be mine.
[*Aloud.*] Oh, Mephy, can your words be true?

Meph.: [*Resignedly.*] If thou wilt have me, I am ever thine.

Martha: [*Throwing herself into his arms.*] That settles it. I belong to you.

Meph.: [*Aside. Over Martha's shoulder.*] Heavens, she 's heavy. I fear I can't support her
In just the style she 'll think I ought to.
[*Aloud.*] Sweet woman! Darling, sweetey, say,
Just let me have my neck a moment, pray.
[*Aside.*] Egad! she 's nearly dislocated it.
I 'm glad of this there 's but a little bit.
But here the other lovers are,
Let 's stroll again, my dear.

[*They wander off R. Enter Faust and Marguerite L.*]

Faust: By far
The loveliest of my pupils, sweet,
I 've loved thee long in silence, Marguerite.

One single word of hope, I ask;
'T is surely not a heavy task?

DUET.

FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

Faust:

Belovéd maid, canst thou not see
That I do love thee dearly?

Marg.:

Herr Faust, it seems to me
You 're acting queerly.

Faust:

I come to you, my love, my treasure,
To ask of you this eve to take possession
Of all my heart, in fullest measure,
And of my love to make confession.
To-night I dare reveal my passion
Beneath yon bright and silvered moon,
And ask of thee in knightly fashion
To grant to me one priceless boon.

Marg.:

And what is it you ask me for?

Faust:

Thy heart, my love, no more.
Thy love is all I seek, my dear,
For that alone you find me here.

Thy love is all,
For that I call.
Upon my bended knee I fall—
For love means life, for love means all.

Marg.:

Thy words so sudden, unexpected,
Do fill my soul with tribulation;
A love like this I 've ne'er suspected,
But I admire this new sensation.
To-night I 'll listen to your passion
Beneath yon bright and silvered moon,
Which you 'll recite in knightly fashion,
And, maybe, grant that priceless boon.

Faust:

The priceless boon I pleaded for?

Marg.:

My heart to you I may give o'er.
Thy love is very great, 't is clear,
Most sweet it is likewise to hear.
My love is all—
For that you call.

Faust:

And on my bended knee do fall,
For love means life, for love means all.

[*Exeunt. Enter Mephistopheles and Martha.*]

Meph.: And so, as Valentine 's come back,

I think 't is for the best that we
Straightway elope. I 'll have a hack
In half an hour down by the tree
Where but a moment since I stole a kiss,
And learned at last the meaning full of bliss.

Martha: But Marguerite, my dear. What shall I do with her?

Meph.: Leave her at home. She 'll never stir.
And when we 're wed, why we 'll return.

Martha: Oh, poor distracted me! What shall I do?
My cheeks with blushes madly burn.

[*Covers her face with her hands. Valentine appears at gate.*]

Valentine: [*Aside.*] Ah, there they are—a precious pair.
I 'll nip his scheme right in the bud.
I 'll hie me to the public square
And call the neighbors. Then for blood!
[*Exit.*

[*Mephistopheles regards Martha for an instant and then removes his jeweled necklace and places it about her neck. Martha looks at the jewels in surprise.*]

Martha: Enough, enough, my Meph.! I 'll go with you.

I 'll run within and get my clothes together,
And don my waterproof, for stormy weather.

Meph.: All right, my love. You 'll find me by the oak.
And mark you, love, I 'll wear Faust's cloak.
Now go.

[*They embrace. Martha enters the house. Mephistopheles dons Faust's cloak, which has been left hanging on back of settee.*]

Meph.: I hope that Faust has done his work.
The hour has come. He must not shirk.
I 've got to act with most consummate care,
Or fall myself within my little snare.
I rather think that in this cloak disguised,
Fair Mag. will think me Faust. Then I, despised
With all her pure and innocent young heart,
Will seize upon her and at once depart.
And once the maid I get within my power,
I 'll have her down in Sheol in half an hour.

For thee, my Faust, I 'll leave the agéd dame;
I 'll not be jealous when she takes thy name.

[*Exit by gate. Enter Faust and Marguerite.*]

Faust: The only thing to do, my blesséd heart,
Is at once to fly. Come! Let us start.

Marg.: Oh, Faust, I dread my mother's ire.

Faust: For that wouldst break a heart like mine?
Wouldst for her wrath, however dire,
Leave me in sorrow to repine?

Marg.: Ah, no, my lover. Never that.
I 'll go at once and get my hat.
I won't be longer than a moment gone.

Faust: A moment, sweetheart, of all gladness shorn.

[*Exit Marguerite. Enter Mephistopheles. Faust sits down and lights a cigarette.*]

Meph.: He sits and smokes. He must n't see my dress;
'T would complicate affairs, I guess.
I 'll hang the cloak up on this tree.
[*Aloud.*] Well, Faust, how goes the game with thee?

Faust: [*Remaining seated.*] You here? I thought you 'd long since gone
With Martha—or has the lady left you?

If so, you hardly look so wan
As one would think if luck hath so bereft you.

Meph.: No, Faust. She 's mine. But how fares Marguerite?

Faust: She flies with me with willing feet.
I have a priest without the town,
Who'll make us one ere the moon goes down.

[*Enter Martha, dressed in Marguerite's hat and cloak.*]

Martha: [*Aside.*] Oh, dear, I wish I had n't started,
I feel so faint and chicken-hearted,
And in my haste I donned my daughter's cloak.
I trust dear Meph. will know me at the oak.

[*Mephistopheles observes Martha.*]

Meph.: [*Aside.*] Aha! 'T is Marguerite! And ready to depart.
Now to play my hand. Sit still, my heart.

[*He dons Faust's cloak and recedes into the darkness at rear.*]

[*Aloud.*] Well, Faust, I think I 'll take a stroll

Off through the woods. Around the knoll
And back.

Faust: [*Without moving.*] Good-bye.

Meph.: Faust, au revoir.
I 'll see you later, friend. Ta-ta.
[*Aside.*] This cloak will make me right with her.
[*He grasps Martha's arm.*]
All speech, my sweetheart, please defer.
And now O kindly dusk befriend me
As o'er my thorny path I wend me.
My darling, come. We must at once depart.

Martha: [*Aside.*] Of Faust he is the very counterpart.

[*They start to go. Mephistopheles pauses at the gate, pushing Martha out. Marguerite enters from house, dressed as Martha. Valentine and chorus of villagers and soldiers appear from woods at R.*]

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Meph.:
The widow comes at last,
I must be going fast,
For danger is n't past
By any means.

Valentine:
Who was it spoke?

Faust:

Why tarries she so long?
I have a feeling strong,
That there is something wrong
Behind the scenes.

Chorus:

There 's some one in the park,
A-prowling in the dark,
Upon some silly lark,
Beyond a doubt.

Faust: [*Espying Marguerite.*]

The widow? Here 's a muss.
The dame will raise a fuss
If she discovers us
A-starting out.

Marg.:

Why starts he back?

Meph.:

Excuse me if I smile,
The widow 's not his style.
Oh, my, I 'm full of guile
Both in and out.

Chorus:

The man 's a paradox;
His latest statement shocks.
He can't be orthodox
While in and out.

Faust:

The outlook 's full of gloom,
I 'm sadder than the tomb,
I 've lost my little boom.
The game is done.

Meph.:

His outlook 's full of gloom
With Martha for his doom.
He 'd best, I think, assume
His spunk and run.

Marg.:

Faust fails to recognize
Me in my mother's guise,
But when he sees my eyes
He 'll know it 's I.

Valentine:

The clouds now seem to ope,
I get a fuller scope.
I think that to elope
They wish to try.

Faust: [*Recognizing Marg.*]

But stay! 'T is Marguerite.
The maid is most discreet
To hide her person sweet
In Martha's cloak.

Meph.:

But I must haste away,
Altho' I 'd like to stay
A witness to the fray
Beneath the oak.

[*Exit Mephistopheles.*]

Marg.:

I thought you 'd recognize
Me in my mother's guise
When looked you in my eyes,
My lover true.

Valentine:

I 'll stop the thing right here.
My mother 's much too dear,
Altho' she 's somewhat queer,
And flighty, too.

Valentine:

[*Confronting Faust. Marguerite retreats.*]

Thy game is discovered,
Thy plan is frustrated,
My mother belovéd
By thee, shan't be mated.
Thy plans now desist, or
I ll have thee arrested!

Faust:

Thy mother? Thy sister
Hath me interested.

Valentine:

What, this Marguerite?

Faust:

The lady 's thy sister?

Valentine:

Then why this deceit,
And why have you kissed her?

Faust:

I came hither a-courting thy sister,
Who 's dearer than riches to me.
When a moment agone—sir, I kissed her,
She promised my sweetheart to be.
Valentine, at last I 've succeeded
In the quest upon which I am bent,
Her hand and her heart are conceded,
All I lack is thy kindly consent.
She loves me with passionate ardor,
Has sworn that she 'll wed me ere dawn.
She needs one to cherish and guard her,
For thy mother with Satan is gone.

[*Valentine starts back affrighted. Faust kneels before him. Marguerite does likewise.*]

So, Valentine, give us thy blessing,
  Let us hear now thy brotherly yes—
In schemes for our joy acquiescing,
  And joining in our happiness.
[*Valentine turns his back to them.*]

Chorus:

She loves him with passionate ardor,
  Has sworn that she 'll wed him ere dawn.
He 's manfully promised to guard her,
  And Martha with Satan is gone.
Yes, Valentine, give them thy blessing,
  Grant both thy fraternal caress—
In schemes for their joy acquiescing,
  And joining in their happiness.

[*Valentine places his hands on the heads of Faust and Marguerite, and the chorus is repeated.*]

[*Curtain.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Gate of Hades on summit of the Brocken. Moonlight. Imps and devils recline in various postures.

DEVILS' CHORUS.

Ha-ha!
The Imps of Hades we.
Ha-ha!
Imps of most high degree—
Ha-ha!
And when you see
Our family tree,
Then you 'll agree
Our pedigree
Of every taint is free.
Ho-ho!
Whence comes our ghoulish glee.
Ho-ho!
And glad tee-hee,
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-tee-hee-hee.
[*Dance.*]

Red Devils.

Ha-ha!
We are the Imps in red,
Ha-ha!
Who by the dudes are fed
Ha-ha!
We go for him
Who 's in the swim,
With ideas slim,
And morals dim,
And tear him limb from limb—
Ho-ho!
A-shouting loud with glee,
Ho-ho!
Our glad tee-hee,
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-tee-hee-hee.

[*Dance.*]

Green Devils.

Ha, ha!
We are those monsters green—
Ha-ha!
Who when a mortal 's seen—
Ha-ha!
To love a maid,
His brains invade
Till he 's afraid

The girl 's a jade,
And strongly doth upbraid—
Ho-ho!
All crazed with jealousy.
Ho-ho!
And then: Tee-hee,
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-tee-hee-hee.

[*Dance.*]

Pink Devils.

Ha-ha!
When through a lack of chink—
Ha-ha!
A man is on the brink—
Ha-ha!
Of grim despair,
His flowing hair
Made white by care,
Beware, beware!
For Devils pink are there.
Ho-ho!
Just watch them and you 'll see
Ho-ho!
Them laugh with glee,
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-tee-hee-hee.

[*Dance.*]

Blue Devils.

Ha-ha!
And should you ever seem
Ha-ha!
To realize a dream
Ha-ha!
Of happiness,
We must confess
That dire distress
We shall impress
Upon your gladsomeness.
Ho-ho!
For devils blue you see
Ho-ho!
Must have their glee,
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-tee-hee-hee.

[*Dance Enter Janitor of Hades.*]

Janitor: Oh stop this most outrageous noise.
You 're worse than a gang of college boys.
If you made this racket when the boss is here,
His speech would be profane, I fear—
And swearing here 's considered very rude,
And by the sinners most select, tabooed.

You ne'er heard aught in Hades cursed
By one of our four hundred first.
So kindly *taisez* as they say in France,
In England, shut up, stop the dance.
Oh, by the way, this letter came to-night.
[*Takes letter from his pocket.*
Turn off the gas. I read by fire light.
[*Tears it open.*
Well, I declare! From old man Meph. himself.
Ye fates, he 's wed! I 'm laid upon the shelf.
If he 's a wife to run things here, 't is plain
I 'll have to start upon the road again.
And, O! 't is sad when one is old and gray
To leave a berth like this for a Flat Français.
I 've heard these modern flats are wondrous things,
Their parlor 's suited to the needs of kings—
With lots of space for folks and friends to dine,
And bed-rooms nice and roomy—four by nine!

A sinner vile, who lately came to us,
Was greatly pleased, in fact, raised quite a fuss
Over his cell, which he called roomy—
We gave it him because 't was gloomy.
Said I to Meph.: "Now, what do you think of that?"
Said Meph.: "He 's lived in a modern flat."
Hi, Imps, the Master 's wed a lass.
From Nuremberg, of the upper class.
At midnight sharp, he says, he 'll reach the gates.

[*Bell tolls.*

'T is midnight now! How time accelerates
When one is managing imps like these.

[*Trumpets without.*

Make room for the King Mephistopheles.

[*Imps draw up in line. Trumpets blare. Smoke issues from Hades' gate. Red light as Mephistopheles and Martha appear on summit above. Martha is still veiled and clad in Marguerite's cloak. They descend.*]

SONG.

Mephistopheles:

When the pine tree groans,
And the bull-dog moans,
When the creak in the stair-case cracks,
When your pictures slide
Way off to one side,
With their faces turned round to their backs,
When the tongs are downed
With nobody around,
And your heart beats loud as a drum,
Then is the Devil out on biz—
Tum-tiddy-tum-tum-tum.

When you sit in a rage,
Three rows from the stage,
And can't see a thing that is on it,
When you madly swear
That the damsel fair
Before you should wear such a bonnet,
When the man on your right
Kicks your hat out of sight
As he goes out to see Mr. Mumm,
Then is the Devil out on biz—
Tum-tiddy-tum-tum-tum.

When you go on "the street,"
In a manner discreet,

And put all your cash on a spec.,
When you lose what you 've got,
Then what you have not,
And come out a bankrupt and wreck,
When you get on the cars—
Thus escaping the bars—
And in Canada twiddle your thumb,
Then is the Devil out on biz—
Tum-tiddy-tum-tum-tum.

When you start down-town
In a new silk gown,
With the sun shining bright in the sky,
And when in an hour
The storm clouds lower
And a big blooming blizzard booms by,
When you get soaked through,
When your nose turns blue,
When your nerves by degrees succumb,
Then is the Devil out on biz—
Tum-tiddy-tum-tum-tum.

When your roof blows off,
And you get a bad cough,
When your landlord elevates your rent,
When your horse do n't win
In a two mile spin—
That you 've backed to a very great extent—

Should the joy of your heart
Most suddenly depart,
Or your wife run away with your chum,
Then is the Devil out on biz—
Tum-tiddy-tum-tum-tum.

Janitor: Welcome, home, my Lord and Master,
Time will now go by much faster
Because once more unto thy cosy nest
Thou hast returned.

Meph.: Oh give us a rest.
[*Aside.*] 'T is queer about my lovely bride.
She wed me on the mountain side,
And seemed most willing to do it, too—
I 'd feared she 'd raise a hullaballoo.
She must have loved me secretly. Indeed,
Unto my wish was pliant as a reed,
Save that she did decline, while in the dale,
To take from off her face that heavy veil.
[*He turns and gazes fondly at her.*
To think that she is here. My Marguerite!
[*Jubilantly.*] I 'll order up an orgie—one replete
With corps of graceful dancers and musicians
Who banish care and ruin my physicians.

[*Aloud.*] My darling come, and rest thee
on this knoll.
I 'll show thee that which will delight thy
soul.
What ho, within! Bring out those merry
boys,
That sing and dance for us and make our
joys.

[*Enter banjoists and dancers. Mephistopheles throws himself at Martha's feet, where he remains while the musicians and dancers perform. At conclusion of music and dancing Mephistopheles continues:*]

I thank you, gentle subjects, for thy
measures,
Whereby thou addest much unto my
pleasures.
And now, to make our happiness complete
I 'll introduce your Queen, my bride—
most sweet
She is, and good as time is long,
Young, rich and healthy, wise and
strong.
Come now, my dear, take off thy veil and
cloak?
[*He turns toward the imps.*
Behold thy Queen!

[*Martha unveils. Imps and Devils burst forth into a torrent of jeers and laughter. Mephistopheles starts back.*]

They jeer! What is the joke?
What can this mean?

[*He turns and sees Martha. She falls backward in a swoon.*]

What? Martha? You,
Thou homely, fat, unconscionable shrew?
I thought 't was Marguerite, thou wast.
I 'm wed to that! Ye Devils Blue I 'm lost!

[*Weeps with anger.*]

But Faust! Ha, ha my lad, I 'll have thy soul
In Hades ere another day shall roll.
This note will fix all that.

[*Takes note from pocket.*]

And as for Mag,
Why, she 'll live on unwed and die a hag.

[*Rushes to gate. Martha attempts to follow.*]

Stand back, thou instrument of my most great
And dire disaster! 'T will be thy fate
Ever to stay within this hideous place,

With demons, serpents, witches, face to face.

[*Martha steps back in horror.*]

I must away to town full pack.
To-morrow eve at six expect me back.

[*Exit. Martha throws herself on knoll in despair. Imps and devils dance about her and sing as Mephistopheles appears in red cloud far above.*]

CHORUS:

Little Mrs. Satan, playing fast and loose,
With her Lord and Master, *alias* the Deuce—
Rise, Martha, rise; never mind if he has left,
'T is only for one day, Ma'am, that you 're to be bereft.
A day
Away,
'T is not so very long,
So why
Dost cry?
Brace up, Ma'am, and be strong.
Do n't you be afraid, Ma'am, we 'll treat you here in Hades
With all the kind consideration due to lovely ladies.

[*Curtain.*

ACT IV.

SCENE: Same as Scene I., Act II. Orchestra plays wedding march as enter bridal procession headed by choir boys and priests, followed by Marguerite in full wedding dress, leaning on arm of Valentine. Enter also Faust and the populace. They march across stage into church. The door closes behind them. Organ music throughout scene. Enter Mephistopheles apparently in haste.

Meph.: [*Looking at watch.*] I 'm somewhat late,
but I see no trace
Of the people yet in the market place.
At noon they wed. My watch says ten.
By twelve I 'll have the groom within
my den.
The dastard villain has done his work
too well.
He 'll suffer for it in a superheated cell.
But all 's not lost by any means.
If they had wed last night, or e'en this
morn,

There would have been some shifting of the scenes,
And I, indeed, would be forlorn.
For do n't you see, her dower right in him
Would leave for me a margin pretty slim,
In spite of this small paper here.
The law of Nuremburg is queer.
[*He hears the music in the church.*]
But what 's that sound? 'T is in the church!
Ye fiends and furies! the clock above says noon,
And fifteen minutes more. I 'm in the lurch.
[*Listens.*]
And hark! there sounds the joyous tune
That tells of two made into one.
Ye solemn Fates, I am undone!

[*The church door swings open. The people pour out and pass Mephistopheles. Marguerite and Faust appear arm-in-arm. The people cheer and the church bells chime. Faust perceives Mephistopheles and staggers back.*]

Faust: The Devil here? I 'd hoped he would not grace
This glad occasion with his evil face.

[*Mephistopheles approaches.*]

Marg.: What now, my husband? Why look'st so white?

Meph.: 'T is well thou askest, Madame, why his fright.

Valentine: [*Aside.*] That is the man I saw last night with Ma;
Not a great success as a substitute for Pa.

Meph.: I seek his soul. He owes that same to me,
And I demand it now. He 's cause, you see,
To tremble as he does and quake with fear.

Marg.: Thou shalt not have it—thy claim 's not clear.

Meph.: This note will make it so.

[*Hands note to Marguerite, who reads it aloud.*]

Faust: Alas! I 'm lost.

Marg.: I will not give him up unless I 'm forced.
The laws of Nuremburg, sir, provide
That man 's the property of his bride.
If thou canst take the soul and leave the man,
Just do it. I doubt much if you can.

Valentine: And I 've a small account to settle, sir, with you.
What with my agéd mother didst thou do?

[*A noise is heard without and Martha's voice.*]

Martha: Valentine, my son. My daughter Marguerite!

Meph.: [*Nonplussed.*] How came she here, I wonder? I must retreat,
Until she disappears and leaves me to my schemes.
Dame Fortune's down on me to-day, it seems.

[*Attempts to go out R. Is met by Martha, who enters at R. Martha, dressed in full Devil's costume and followed by a body-guard of Imps and Janitor, hustles Mephistopheles back.*]

Martha: Ah, here you are, my pretty little lord.
You thought to leave me home whilst you abroad
Were traveling about and enjoying life.
Hereafter, when you go you take your wife.
But what 's this, Marguerite? Why dressed
In orange blossoms and your Sunday best?

Valentine: She 's just been wed, dear mother. I
Gave my permission since you had fled.
You see, she had no guardian by,
So I assumed the right instead.

Faust: Yes, mother-in-law, we two are one,
So give us your blessing. Please kiss your son.

Martha: Oh, well, as I 've been wed myself, I will.
This is your father-in-law.

Meph.: Be still.

Martha: I won't be still. You sha'n't boss me, my man.

Meph.: All right, my love. Rule Hades, if you can.
I 'll give it up to you. [*Aside.*] But I 'll bide my time
And punish that Faust for his hideous crime.

Martha: Now, daughter, as I 'm very rich, you may
Choose anything you wish for a gift to-day.
Ask what you please—I care not what;
And you shall have it on the spot.

Marg.: [*Reflecting.*] I 'd like a ——
[*Faust grasps her arm and whispers.*]
Yes. I had forgot.

I 'd like, dear mother, but a single thing.
A paper 't is—not brooch nor ring.

Meph.: [*Aside.*] Now, what means she by that, I wonder?
I 'd give a million for ten bolts of thunder
With which to smash this whole infernal crowd.

Martha: [*Slapping Mephistopheles on the back.*] What 's that you say? Do n't mutter. Speak out loud.

Meph.: [*Ruefully.*] I said I wondered what the paper was.

Martha: No harm in that. Come, Marguerite, please tell
What paper 't is that for thee does
For rings and brooches quite as well?

Marg.: Thy husband has it.

Meph.: The Deuce, 'T is as I feared.

Marg.: A promissory note, by which it hath appeared
He holds a mortgage on my husband's soul.

Meph.: [*Dropping note to floor and covering it with his foot.*] I have it not. I gave it up to you.

[*Aside.*] If they don't find it, I'll come out whole.
I'll hide the thing beneath my shoe.

Marg.: To me? Oh, no. You're much mistaken.

Valentine: [*Pushing Mephistopheles to one side and picking up paper.*] He dropped it on the floor. I saw him do it.

Martha: [*Shaking her head at Mephistopheles.*]
My confidence in you is sadly shaken.

Meph.: [*Aside.*] When I get up again, young Val. will rue it!

Martha: Is this the paper, darling, you desire?

Marg.: It is. A match please give me—into fire
All claims against my husband's soul shall turn.

[*Faust hands her a match. She lights it and sets fire to the paper.*]

At last, sweet heart!

[*Mephistopheles endeavors to seize it.*]

Valentine: Here, let it burn.

Faust: I'm free! I'm free! And young and full of life.

Marg.: With me to stand forever at thy side.

Martha: And I am glad to be the Devil's wife,
For he will find he has a bride

Who 'll manage everything within
His lordly kingdom—and I 'll have no sin.

Meph.: [*Reconciled.*] All right, my love. I 've found a way
By which I too may once again be gay.
When back again in Hades, you and I shall rest,
I 'll fix thee up to suit our lurid nest.
I 'll mix a cup like that I gave to him,

[*Nods toward Faust.*]

So that thy loveliness all other maids shall dim—
And from the Queen of Hades, by my Arts,
I 'll change thee to the beauteous Queen of Hearts.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Faust:

To win the love of Margaretta,
Once I invoked yon Demon's aid—
And thus became the Devil's debtor—
Debt that need not now be paid.
Ha, ha! For the note 's no longer due.
Satan, I 've the best of you.

CHORUS:

Since the note 's no longer due,
He 's much the best of you.

Marguerite:

To win my love he wore the fetter
With which yon Demon binds his prey—
And thus became the Devil's debtor—
Debt that now he need not pay.
Ha, ha! For the note belongs to me.
Satan, we 've the best of thee.

CHORUS:

Since the debt to her is due,
They 've much the best of you.

Mephistopheles:

I 've longed in vain for Margaretta.
I 've tried to win her soul through Faust.
Well, he declines to be my debtor—
So, Mephisto, you 've been choused.
Ha, ha! And I certainly agree,
They have much the best of me.

CHORUS:

Satan cannot but agree,
They have got him "up a tree."
So
Let us sing loudly with glee.
The reign of the Devil is done.